

[Published by request of a Good Templar.]
ODE TO RU.

BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.

"O thou spirit of Whisky! thou art
no more to be known by, but a cold
—(Chorus.)—Let thy devotee drink thee,
And thy wondrous effects see;
But the word of mine I'll not heed,
O, thy hydra-headed—Rue.Pleasure-melting, vine-softener,
Health-destroyer, life's motor;
Mischief-bringer, ruin-bringer,
Crash-destroyer, devil's mate.Alcohol-burner, paper-burner,
Trust-bringer, nerve's scourge;
Pain-bringer, health-bringer,
Companion of the gall's resource.Nerve-killer, system-shatterer,
Thirst-bringer, regret's child;
Grief-bringer, teacher's foil,
Mad-creator, such relief.Business-bringer, opinion-shatterer,
Woe-bringer, friendship's foe;
Argument-bringer, peace-bringer,
Tobacco-bringer, ruin's foe.Memory-bringer, brain-bringer,
Judgment-bringer, conscience's foe;
Food-bringer, rage-bringer,
Ruin-bringer, fortune's foe.Summer's cooler, winter's warmer,
Blood-purifier, spleen's foe;
Nobility-bringer, nation's foe,
Ruin-bringer, fortune's foe.Search-bringer, healing-bringer,
Vital-bringer, death's foe;
Riot-bringer, ruin's foe,
Ruin-bringer, fortune's foe.Business-bringer, work-bringer,
Strength-bringer, wisdom's foe;
Reason-bringer, truth-bringer,
Money-bringer, nation's foe.Vice-bringer, joy-bringer,
Peace-bringer, backguard's foe;
Bliss-bringer, ruin's foe,
Ruin-bringer, fortune's foe.Utterance-bringer, speech-bringer,
Strong-man-bringer, fuel's foe;
Tramplage-bringer, ruin's foe,
Woe-bringer, nation's foe.Pain-bringer, eye-bringer,
Heart-bringer, life's foe;
Ruin-bringer, fortune's foe,
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A TEMPERANCE CHURCH.

BY REV. T. W. VANDERBEEK, MINIST.

We candidly think that every
Christian church which expects to do
its whole work must have a temperance
department as well as a Sunday
school or missionary department. It
must have a machinery to promote
the cause of temperance, just as well
as a machinery to promote any other
department of church work. A well-
appointed steamer must have, not only
a good engine in its hull, and a good
pilot at the wheel, but a good supply
of life-preservers in the cabin.The first essential feature of a work-
ing temperance church, is a zealous
temperance man in its pulpit. An
active temperance church, with a
wine-loving minister in its pulpit,
would be as rare a curiosity as a vic-
torious army with a drunken commander.
A zealous advocate for the cause
of temperance will preach it as a part
of his gospel-message to his people.
The Bible abounds in temperance
texts; and every community abounds
with people who need to hear them.
One of the great duties of the pastor
is to present the cause and cure of
drunkenness. A part of his work is to
create and keep alive a temperance
conscience among his people. Such a
pastor may not only look for genuine
revivals of religion in his congrega-
tion, but also for a more extended
influence upon the surrounding world.A fearless, faithful pastor, who
throws himself against popular sin,
commands the popular ear and the
popular heart. Let the career of a
Tug in New York, a Barnes in Phila-
delphia, Kirk in Boston, and a Hat-
field in Chicago, testify to the truth
of the statement that ministers who bring
God's word to bear against the great
sins of the times must be heard and
felt. He may drive from him for the
time being, a few time-servers; he may
awaken in the self-indulgent and
lovers of lust some bad and wicked
passions; but he attracts to him the
warm-hearted, the truly philanthropic,
and the spiritually minded. Drunkard's
wives will persuade their husbands to
go and hear such a man, and mothers
rejoice to place their sons under his
faithful ministry. It is not the man
who drifts with the current of evil,
but he who, like the firmly-anchored
rock, offers his breast to the angry
waves and dashing current, that is
sure to arrest the popular attention,
and command the popular heart.Every efficient church should have
a well-organized temperance society.
The title to membership should be
the simple signing of an abstinence pledge.
The church should make arrangements
to hold public meetings in the interest
of the society, secure the very best
lectures possible; but tickets of ad-
mission should never be used, because
this would tend to exclude the very
persons who most need the benefit
of the lecture. The best possible music
should be provided for all public meet-
ings, and the pledge should always be
circulated before the meeting adjourns.
Temperance tracts and papers should
be distributed at such meetings. Such
an organization does not require much
constitution and by-laws, or many
officers. The less machinery employed,
the better.A working temperance church should
lay out no small portion of its efforts
on the youth of the Sunday school.
As the Sunday school deals with the
beginning of life, it should deal with
the beginnings of sin. If the children
of the country could be kept from
touching the first glass, intemperance
would soon disappear.In Surrey Chapel, London, the cele-
brated Newman Hall has a temperance
society which has enrolled eight thou-
sand members in fifteen years, and
one hundred and fifty reformed inebri-
ates have been received into the com-
munion of the church during the same
period. What a noble work!Every church member should make
temperance a part of his daily religion.
The intoxicating glass is the most
deadly foe to Christ in our churches
and our communities. A friend of
Christ must be an enemy to the bottle.
Every professed Christian who gives
his example to the use of intoxicating
liquors, is a partner to the dreadful
havoc which the evil produces."If any man will come after me,"
said the divine Saviour, "let him deny
himself." And the apostle only
eluded this glorious receipt when he
said, "It is not good to drink wine,
whereby my brother stumbleth, or is
offended, or is made weak." On this
immutable rock of self-denial stands
the temperance reform. Here the
divine Founder of Christianity placed
it; with Christianity it will stand or fall.
—[Cumberland Presbyterian.]H. W. Longfellow has been chosen
poet for the Centennial celebration of
Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga,
October 18th, 1877.What Alex. H. Stephens Says About
the Political Situation.As announced in the Nation of
Saturday, Nov. Alex. H. Stephens
has arrived in Washington, and is
quartered at the Nation Hotel. Mr.
Stephens has the suit of rooms on the
second floor, facing Sixth street, the
same that he used to occupy. A rep-
resentative of the Nation called upon
him Saturday, and was received in the
most pleasant manner. Mr. Stephens
expressed himself as pleased at the
starting of an independent paper in
Washington, and said he would watch
the course of the Nation with the
greatest interest. Mr. Stephens looked
much enlivened, but his attendant
says he is heavier than he has been for
two or three years. His voice is clear
and firm, and he chatted freely of the
present situation and of the future
prospects. When asked for his views
on the situation, he said: "I don't
think my opinion would have much
weight at the North. They would not
believe what I said, but I hope you
Northerners will soon think better of
the people of the South."Of the outcome of the present elec-
tion contest, he expressed himself
hopefully that justice would prevail,
deprecating all extreme and belligerent
talk, and said he did not think there
would be any conflict, although he did
feel that the crisis was one of the most
serious which our government has had
to pass through.In answer to a direct question as to
whether there was any danger that the
South were meditating armed resistance,
he replied warmly and with
great emphasis, "If there is any such
feeling or intention anywhere in the
South, I don't know it. I know of no
man anywhere in the South who is
really talking in earnest of any such
thing. I do not believe there is one.
I know the people of the South, as a
people, have no such idea."Reporter—What is the feeling among
the people of South Carolina?
Mr. Stephens—They are, of course,
indignant at the outrage which is
being attempted. They cannot believe
that the people will countenance such
an infamous outrage on a free govern-
ment. They are anxiously awaiting
the result.Reporter—What is your object in
coming to Washington?
Mr. Stephens—I have come thus
early, partly to get located before the
cold weather sets in. I came also for
the purpose of doing what I can to
counteract the impression that the
South is nursing the spirit of a new
rebellion. That idea has been widely
circulated at the North, and it is doing
the people of the South a great
injustice.Of the real danger which did exist
in case the Returning Board should
count in Hayes, Congress getting into
a dead lock, and a recourse to force of
arms, he said he could not believe that
that extremity could be reached. "If
a conflict should ensue," he said, "it
will be a civil war for the succession.
Such a war could have only one
result. It would be the death-blow to
our free government. Such a war
would ruin our prosperity at home
and credit abroad. Our bonds would
be worthless. It would not be another
war between the North and South. It
would be the people of both sections
spending their money freely in a war
for the succession. Any one who had
anything valuable would dig a hole and
bury it, and leave the country, if pos-
sible. All confidence would be lost,
and the bottom would drop out of
everything."Mr. Stephens was called upon by
a large number of citizens and politi-
cians during Saturday, his parlor
being full until late in the evening.
He expects to take his seat in the
House of Representatives on Monday
next.—[Washington Nation.]THE CHAMPION MEAN MAN.—Our
champion mean man lives in Mont-
gomery county. He has been married
four times. When his second wife
died he split his first wife's tombstone
and laid the two bodies side by side,
and each with a half slab. When his
last two wives departed, he placed
them in graves head to head with the
first two, so that the split tombstone
would do for all four. He will not
marry again, for fear he can not uti-
lize the stone again in case there is
another death in the family. His neigh-
bors do say that he buried his aunt at
the foot of his gravestone, so that she
would be useful as a nourisher of the
plant. If this is true, our mean man
beats the parsimonious Frenchman
who, after blowing the fire, used to put
a cork in the nozzle of the bellows in
order to save the wind for the next
time; and he removes the scalp from
the Cracker-tuner of Darby, who al-
ways saved the backbone of a shad in
order to avoid buying bones for his
family.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]One society in London issued 389,
500 Bibles in 1875.

Benefit of Being Knocked About.

It is a good thing for a young man
to be "knocked about in the world,"
although his soft-hearted parents may
not think so. All youths, or if not
all, certainly nineteen twentieths of
the sum total enter life with a surplus-
age of self-conceit. The sooner they
are relieved the better. If, in measur-
ing themselves with wiser and older
men than themselves, they discover
that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it
gracefully of their own accord, well
and good; if not, it is desirable for
their own sakes that it should be
knocked out of them.A boy who is sent to a large school
soon finds his level. His will may
have been paramount at home; but
school-boys are democratic in their
ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be
thrashed into a recognition of the gold-
rule. The world is a great public
school, and it soon teaches a new pupil
his proper place. If he has the at-
tributes that belong to a leader, he
will be installed into the position of a
leader; if not, whatever his own opin-
ion of his abilities, he will be compell-
ed to fall back into the rank and file.
If not destined to greatness, the next
best thing to which he can aspire is
respectability; but no man can be truly
great or truly respectable who is vain,
pompous and overbearing.By the time the novice has found
his legitimate social position, he is the
same high or low, the probability is
the same disagreeable traits of his
character will be softened down and
worn away. Most likely the process
of abrasion will be rough—perhaps
very rough—but when it is all over,
and he begins to see himself as others
see him, and not as reflected in the
mirror of self-conceit, he will be thank-
ful that he has run the gauntlet, and
arrived through by a rough road of
knowledge.

The Evening News.

Our readers who have been watching the course of public events, and are posted as to the conduct of the Returning Board of the State of Louisiana, in former elections there, will not be surprised to learn that the Board in that State, whose duty it was to count the returns, have given the electoral vote to Hayes and Wheeler, and the seat of governor to Packard, the Radical candidate, and that, too, by the vote of about 10,000 Democratic majority. Besides this, the Board "omitted" all the other Radical State officers and threw out four members of Congress who had been elected as Democrats by majorities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000. Whole parishes (counties) were thrown out entirely, which had given Democratic majorities, in order to overcome the result on the free of the returns. While this Board pretended to be acting up on the laws of the State and nation, they did not hesitate to violate those laws when, by so doing, their ends were to be subserved. They dragged along for over three weeks, trying all the time to invent new measures by which they might be enabled to deceive the country and pave the way for their crowning infamy, to wit: the subversion of the will of the people by throwing out Tilden votes and counting in Hayes. But in doing this, they only obeyed the commands of their party rulers, who long ago, and at the beginning, told them to elect Hayes President, and Packard Governor, at all hazards. Some of our readers may want to know who compose that infamous Returning Board. To give brief information we inform them that they are white men, and two of them negroes. The white men are more interlopers—carpet-baggers who are not worthy to unloose the shoe strings of their African confederates. By this high-handed and most villainous act we have the sad spectacle of four such creatures, clothed with a little brief authority, overruling and setting at naught the expressed will of a free people, and overruling a majority of over 10,000 in favor of those who were duly elected. Has it come to this at last, that two carpet-baggers and two negroes have been clothed with power to settle the question as to who shall rule over forty odd millions of people? If the rulings of the Louisiana Returning Board should hold good, and there be no appeal from it, then, indeed, is such the fact. Notwithstanding this base conduct of the Board, the *de jure* Governor of Louisiana, John McEnery, who was elected two years ago by the Democrats, but who was prevented from taking his seat as such by Grant's bayonets, will issue certificates of election to the Tilden electors, and both parties will present their credentials to Congress at the proper time, which body will pass upon the rights of the two factions. The Louisiana seceders only followed the unlawful acts of their South Carolina brethren, in order to aid in carrying out the nefarious designs of their masters at Washington.

Last of all came little Florida, the land of fruits and flowers, where, if ever, a ray of hope should beam, but with an emboldened governor and corrupt Board, they dared not "go back" on the Radical managers, and hence the vote of that little State was like-wise cast for Hayes and Wheeler.

Thus ends the first chapter, but a darker page does not stain the records of the yet unwritten history of our second century. The words we have to use in conclusion are necessarily brief. Hayes, according to the present status of affairs, is to be our National Executive after the 5th of next March. Will he be inaugurated peacefully? Will we have another civil war? Will the three hundred thousand majority which Tilden received be content to see a man inaugurated as President who has received his certificate by the means of the most stupendous fraud ever used in the elevation of any man to office since we had an existence as a free and independent people? For our part, we do not believe they will. There is "blood on the moon" even now. We know that the Radicals cling to the fact which has shattered them and the infamous acts of their office-holders for nearly sixteen years, with an almost deathlike grip, but right surely will, as it should in this and all other cases, triumph over might, even though that power be backed by the sword of the country. If the common sense and justice of the country should fail to give the Democrats fair play in this all-important matter, be the results what they may, the Democratic party can not and should not be held responsible for them.

The Brooklyn Theatre, N. Y., burned last Wednesday night, and there were between 250 and 300 people, men, women and children, perished in the flames. The loss of property was over \$250,000.

Civil Engineer, T. D. Lovett, of the C. & S. R. R., has resigned his position, and the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal says that as he has been the bone of contention, peace may now be restored.

We are "pounding up" in the constitution, but we've not yet come to the clause which provides for the election of a president by returning boards.

CONGRESS.—This body met last Monday, with all the members of the Lower House present at roll call except thirty nine, the most of the absentees being from the far off States, and the greater part of whom arrived during the first four days. There are ten or fifteen yet on the road to the Capitol, all of whom will, perhaps, respond and take their seats on next Monday.

The first business in order, was the election of a Speaker of the House. Hon. G. M. Adams called the House to order, as there was no Speaker. The Democrats, in caucus last Saturday night, chose Hon. S. J. Randall, of Penn., for Speaker, who was equivalent to an election. His chief competitor for the position, was Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, but the former received 79 and the latter 63 votes, and was, therefore, elected. The Republican members complimented Hon. J. A. Garfield with their votes. This, of course, as a mere matter of form. The Speaker Randall, on taking his chair, delivered a short but excellent address to the House, reading it from the chair, thanking them for the high honor conferred. The closing sentences have the true ring about them, and express the feelings and sentiments of all Democrats, and the better and wiser elements of the Republican party. He said:

"We stand in the presence of events which strain and test the last degree of our forms of government. Our liberties, consecrated by so many sacrifices in the past, and preserved until the rejoicing of an exultant people to our centennial anniversary, are now among the nations of the earth, most jealously maintained at every hazard. [Applause.] The people look confidently to your moderation, to your patient, calm, firm judgment and wisdom in this time, fraught with so many perils. Let us not, I beseech of you, disappoint their just expectation and their keen sense of right, but by vigilance prevent even the slightest departure from the Constitution and the law, forgetting, in the moment of difficulty, that we are adherents of a party, and only remembering that we are American citizens with a country to save, which will be lost if unauthorized and unconstitutional acts in the part of executive officers be not frowned down at once with resolute and unflinching condemnation."

Could the sentiments which animate and stir the hearts of every true patriot have been more modestly, yet forcibly expressed?

Immediately after these ceremonies, a movement was inaugurated to appoint Committees to go to Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina for the purpose of investigating the manner in which the late election in those States was conducted. It will be the duty of those Committees to thoroughly sift the evidence by which the Radical Canvassing Board of the latter State gave the electoral vote to Hayes and seated Chamberlain in the gubernatorial chair, as well as, to inquire into the acts of Kellogg's picked crew of scoundrels in Louisiana and the acts of the illiterate Stearns, of Florida.

On the presentation of the credentials of the member of Congress from the new State of Colorado, objection was made to his being sworn in as such at present, and the motion to delay the matter for the time, being put to the House, it was carried—fifteen Democrats voting against the delay.

Senator J. H. of Kansas, a Republican, offered a joint resolution in the Senate, looking to a speedy revision of the Federal Constitution. That much abused and greatly misunderstood document, vulgarly called the "paladium of our liberty," needs a revision in several very important particulars, and it is highly probable that at the present session, something will be done to bring about a revision.

The death of the lamented Keer, former Speaker of the House, was suggested, and resolutions touching the sad event will be offered, and suitable eulogies pronounced in due time.

THE NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT of this State has a greater population than the new State of Colorado, and yet the inhabitants of the Ninth District send only one member to Congress, while the latter sends two Senators and one member of the Lower House to make laws for the government of the people. Besides this, Colorado has three electoral votes, and helps to defeat Tilden in the efforts made by a free people to elevate him to the presidency. We are sometimes in doubt that we live in a Republic.

The Continental Life Insurance Company, of New York, one of the oldest, and apparently one of the wealthiest Life Companies in the United States, has failed and gone into bankruptcy. Those who have policies in it, and others who own stock, are greatly alarmed at the news. The cause of the failure is said to be the great depreciation in the values of real estate and securities, in which the Company had large investments.

THE TWO CENT SOAP. Recipe.—Put into an iron kettle five gallons of soft water, in this add five pounds of Pure Soda Ash, and three pounds of unbleached Lint; boil the mixture three quarters of an hour; then dip all out into a tub, draining the lard, and let it sit until it settles (the lard will rise quite clear), then dip it off and put into your kettle; to this add three and one half pounds of tallow and lard from two to three hours. If solid or rich grease is used, add one fourth less. You may let it be dropping a little in a saucepan, if hard, it is done. You may then pour it into a tub, let it remain until next day, then cut in bars to suit yourself.

Attention is called to our quotations of Groceries and Hardware, elsewhere.

TOILET SOAP of a dozen different varieties at from 50 cts to \$1.25 per dozen. Toilet Soap at 50 cts per dozen. Irish and English Soap at \$1.00 per dozen. Soda Ash Soap at 50 cts per pound.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Edited by Campbell & Miller.

A Letter From Santa Claus.

Dear Mr. Gentry.—You are a region of wondrous plenty. It is a land flowing with butter and milk and sugar, mingled with whisky and cod liver oil. Your fields yield abundant harvests to the labor of the husbandman. Your cattle low upon a thousand hills, and your sheep graze upon a very fertile sea shore. Your flocks are abundantly spread in the presence of your enemies; and your caps run over with blessings and mercies, such as householders, old maids, young husbands and wives. Very good and merry follow you people every day, like Mary's jolly nation in the Second Reader; therefore, whereof and resolved, I do appoint and ordain, set aside and lay hands upon you as my Agent and Quartermaster General, in the Department of Sweet Things, Fruits, Goodies, and Fireworks, for the approaching Christmas and New Year. You are, therefore, commanded to immediately draw your requisitions on my numerous commissaries throughout the United States for enough Christmas Gifts for everybody in Lincoln county—rich and poor, high and low, Jack and the game.

COUNTRY'S REPLY.

Most Worshipful Mr. Claus.—In acknowledging your favor, I do, for one vast Continent of Ecological hyperbole—and, big as all our out-door, representative of a mountain of new tin pipes, compulsory as a legion of French dancing masters snatched in an ocean of swaddled soft soap—Tenderly successful, thus, deprecatingly magnificent, daintily delightful—that I might express my admiration of your princely generosity, and my gratitude for the appointment as "Head Quarters for the Distribution of Hyperbolic Goodies," over so many worthy competitors. I have established my headquarters at Campbell & Miller's, and will be ready for distribution on the 26th.

REVERENTLY AND OBEDIENTLY YOURS,

KIM GENTRY.

Let it be remembered that we don't keep tin trumpets, jumping jacks, dandy jims, stuff-boxes and writing desks, but we intend to carry out old Santa's instructions to candy goods, fruits, fire-works, and sweet things generally for the holidays.

A list of Christmas presents for your wife: Handsome chamber set, \$1.50; kitchen cabinet filled with aromatic spices, \$1; emerald coffee-mill, \$2.50; fire screen (to keep the children out of the fire), \$1; nice clothes hamper, \$5; set of Bosc's knives, \$5; set of silver-plated spoons, \$5; and numerous other common sense articles.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but when they once get at it, they pulverize the mortal soul finely.

Mrs. Victoria, by the grace of God, luck, and a million ancestral curses, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and one side of Niagara falls, now uses old Turkish bath soap at one dollar a dozen. No lie about it—the soap.

Did you ever reflect upon the admirable wisdom of that Providence, which ripens apples, bananas, cantaloupes, turkeys, mince-pies, tin trumpets and fire-crackers, every year, just in time for Christmas?

The delay in the presidential decision does not justify the delay of getting ready for accounts.

Because Tilden was counted out is no reason why the little folks should be defrauded of their Christmas merriment.

We are now receiving the biggest stock of fire-works ever in Stanford, and the "old folks" say we children shall have a grand jollification on Christmas day and night—just our fair share of loud roars and brass-banded parades. Rich for Christmas, Santa Claus and Keer—ready or not.

blacksmith's supplies etc., and urgently invite an examination. We are now in possession of Vanarsdale's brick.

A first-class riding bridle for \$1.25. A very fine riding bridle, with wrought bit, for \$2.00.

A nice Tea Caddy and one pound of prime Green Tea, for one dollar.

New stock of fancy candies, nuts, fruits, and sweetmeats generally.

We take especial care to keep our stock of Fancy Groceries complete and fresh.

Fresh pickles, chow-chow, mustard, salad dressing, celery salt, flavoring extracts, acids, spices, raisins, currants, citron, etc., sold at regular grocery margins.

Finest Baker's Chocolate, Cox's Gelatine, Royal Biscuits, Cornstarch, Duck's Salad Dressing, Chicago Corn Starch, National A. A. Cream Tartar, Lemon Sugar, etc., received lately.

The attention of blacksmiths is called to our new and useful, the Sizer. Price per box, \$1.50. It is a perfect nail, and of uniform size.

Blacksmiths will do well to get our prices on Iron, Steel, Nails, Shoes, Plow Molds, Bolls, Rags, etc.

Four hundred and fifty pounds of good flour will buy a farm bell. Our farm bells are fully warranted for one year.

A large and comprehensive Stock of Drills, Collars, Lines, Cords and Buck Straps, Headstalls, Belms, Saps, best Whips, etc., all offered cheaper than ever.

A beautiful Stock of Jammed Chamber Seta, etc., from \$2.50 to \$1.00.

Rugby Wheels from \$9 to \$12 a set; Buggy Shafts from 75 cents to \$1.50 per pair. The largest stock of Iron, Shoes, Nails, etc., ever brought to Stanford.

OUR TWO CENT SOAP.

Recipe.—Put into an iron kettle five gallons of soft water, in this add five pounds of Pure Soda Ash, and three pounds of unbleached Lint; boil the mixture three quarters of an hour; then dip all out into a tub, draining the lard, and let it sit until it settles (the lard will rise quite clear), then dip it off and put into your kettle; to this add three and one half pounds of tallow and lard from two to three hours. If solid or rich grease is used, add one fourth less. You may let it be dropping a little in a saucepan, if hard, it is done. You may then pour it into a tub, let it remain until next day, then cut in bars to suit yourself.

MARKETS.

Louisville.

Barren wheat sold at 75 cts per bushel, and 75 cts per bushel. Barren corn sold at 50 cts per bushel, and 50 cts per bushel. Barren oats sold at 35 cts per bushel, and 35 cts per bushel. Barren rye sold at 45 cts per bushel, and 45 cts per bushel. Barren barley sold at 40 cts per bushel, and 40 cts per bushel. Barren clover sold at 25 cts per bushel, and 25 cts per bushel. Barren timothy sold at 20 cts per bushel, and 20 cts per bushel. Barren alfalfa sold at 15 cts per bushel, and 15 cts per bushel. Barren hay sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren straw sold at 5 cts per bushel, and 5 cts per bushel. Barren wood sold at 10 cts per cord, and 10 cts per cord. Barren coal sold at 10 cts per ton, and 10 cts per ton. Barren oil sold at 10 cts per gallon, and 10 cts per gallon. Barren sugar sold at 10 cts per pound, and 10 cts per pound. Barren flour sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren meal sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren bran sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren shorts sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren middlings sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren mealings sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren screenings sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren dregs sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren refuse sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren trash sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren rubbish sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren garbage sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren refuse sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren trash sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren rubbish sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren garbage sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. Barren refuse sold at 10 cts per bushel, and 10 cts per bushel. 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ANYTHING FOR A CHANCE.

Nellie Tyrrell was a very pretty girl, but very whimsical and impatient. She read novels all day, and felt deeply the gross injustice of fate, in not making her life like the lives of the heroines of fiction. Chestnut Farm was a miserable place, in Nellie's view, and not a bit like a manor, or a grange, or a castle. Nothing mysterious or tragic could ever happen on such prosaic ground, nor could anything extraordinary occur to any of the people who lived there.

Day after day the same monotonous drama was enacted. The A—train passed in the morning and passed down again in the afternoon; but the passengers seemed to be always the same people, and certainly it was invariably the locomotive and train of cars. There was breakfast, dinner and supper; twice a week John Mortimer paid a visit; occasionally some one else dropped in, and this set of incidents comprised the entire history of life.

Nellie was unwell to death. This lovely autumn afternoon she sat in the doorway of her uncle's pretty farmhouse, a book in her lap and a refulgent heart. The wind was sweeping the red leaves from the trees, and the long, tedious summer was fast coming to an end.

"How much all this reminds me of my life!" mused Nellie. "I am growing old without ever having been young. From the instant we are born we begin to die; but some of us more rapidly than others. Good heaven, will there never be a change?"

"Nellie," said a little boy making a sudden appearance from the interior of the house, "Aunt Mary says you mustn't sit here, because it is too chilly. You will catch cold."

"I hope not," answered the young lady with infinite scorn. "I may come in presently."

"But she wants you to come in now," persisted little Frank, her mischievous brother.

"I shall come when it pleases me," said Nellie. "There's company in the parlor, and she told me not to tell you, and she wanted to surprise you, and they will be gone away soon if you don't come in," said Frank, with that defiance of grammatical proprieties which is the pleasant privilege of childhood.

"Company! Some bore, I dare say; but anything for a change. Nothing could be duller than sitting here."

So Miss Nellie went in. She found Aunt Mary conversing with the handsome young man possible to imagine—tall, dark, slender, rather piratical looking, but on that account only the more attractive. He might have sat for Lord Byron's "Corsair" or "Lara"—in fact for anybody very wicked and very splendid in appearance. Aunt Mary rather stiffly introduced him as Mr. Lionel Belmont. Nellie could hardly suppress her embarrassment. Here was her beau-ideal at last!

It presently appeared that Mr. Belmont was an author. He was even now engaged upon a book, and, being desirous of rural solitude until he could finish it, he had called upon Aunt Mary to obtain board and lodging with her, if possible, or to obtain information where such accommodation in the vicinity could be had.

"It is so quiet here," he said in a thrillingly modulated voice; "and quiet is what I seek. I have lived in such a whirl of excitement during the summer, that I am bent on trying the opposite extreme. 'Sick with pleasure, he almost longed for woe,' as the poet says, and really the sentiment expressed my own feelings exactly."

"It is very dull in winter," said Aunt Mary.

"The duller the better," laughed Mr. Belmont. "I don't have time for anything but my book. I should be under a load of obligations if you could accommodate me, and I don't like to ask for the price, anything you like to ask will meet my views exactly."

He had such a careless, scornful way of speaking, that Nellie already half-loved him. This inference about what he was to my was so romantic, and in such contrast with Aunt Mary's penurious ideas, and John Mortimer's greedy countings up of the shillings and pence! And how admirably he looked out of place. His proper sphere would be a mighty castle of some kind—one of those amazing structures described in stories—with slaves around him, and all that sort of thing.

Aunt Mary finally decided to take him for a fortnight at least—his sojourn after that time to be longer, if mutually agreeable—"anil payment," she coughed, rather grimly, "in advance." At this Nellie's ears tingled—it was really so coarse, she thought—but Mr. Belmont said:

"Admirably business like! I respect that quality; for I haven't a particle of it in my composition. I scarcely know how to count my own money, and I never was able to learn the multiplication table."

So he paid the fortnight's board in advance, and was established. Here was a change at least, and Nellie began to know something of happiness already.

At first Mr. Belmont's book claimed a great deal of his attention; for he remained in his room nearly all the time. He showed the effect of his confinement, being pale and without appetite; but he was always lively and agreeable, and very soon Aunt Mary began to like him better than she could have ever believed would be the case.

She encouraged him to spend more of his leisure downstairs, and thus it came to pass that very soon he began to employ all of it there. Sometimes he acted a little oddly; but Nellie said it was the eccentricity of genius, which explanation her aunt accepted as satisfactory. And so the time went on for Nellie a glorious dream.

The periodical intrusions of John Mortimer were the only disagreeable phases for John was jealous. Nellie had been his affianced for two years—an interval of laborious pecuniary accumulation on his part—and this constant association with Mr. Belmont was not relished by John, at all. He hated the author and the author despised him.

Mr. Belmont soon made himself known in all the families for ten miles around. By means of tact and address he got up a great many social gatherings, and was the lion at all. He appeared to forget all about the quiet and retirement he had come to seek; for he took Nellie to a ball or party two or three times each week. "Time," as she often said, "seemed to fly like the wind."

One evening John Mortimer's jealousy reached a crisis. He brought Miss Jennie Bell to a party where Nellie was to be with her usual attendant, hoping to irritate his betrothed into some decided action. He succeeded; but in a very unexpected manner, for Nellie, with a contemptuous laugh, said:

"John, you are only making a goose of yourself. I don't care a pin whom you flirt with."

He saw that she was speaking truth, and the next minute, with rare dignity, replied:

"Nellie, you are right. I have been playing the fool, it is true. I love you—God knows I do—better than my life; but you care no longer for me. Something tells me to warn you against that man; but I shall not trouble you with my advice, except to take proper care of yourself."

That very same night, coming home, Mr. Belmont declared his passion, laid his heart and fortune such as it was—(he did not know how much, he said)—in Miss Tyrrell's feet. She accepted him, and it was the happiest hour of her life.

A little while afterward Mr. Belmont's book was finished. He announced that he was obliged to go to town to put it to press.

"No end of a bore, my darling," he remarked to poor Nellie, pale and crying; "but such things are inexorable as fate. I shall return as soon as I can, and you may expect a letter from me every day."

The next morning the train bore him away, and as he passed Chestnut Farm in the train, he waived his handkerchief from the window; and, for the first time, Nellie felt an interest in the cars that so regularly sped by to and from the city A—.

Then came the old dead blank again. To Nellie the reaction was terrible. There were no more parties, no delicious love-making, nothing but dead calm. Mr. Belmont did not write so regularly as he had promised, nor were his letters very long. He said that business took up nearly all his time; but she hoped for better things; and with this many ardent protestations of love, was the burden of all his correspondence.

John Mortimer came to the farm sometimes, but Nellie was very cool to him, and he seemed almost as miserable as herself.

After some weeks he unexpectedly stopped on his way from the village with a letter. Nellie recognized the handwriting, and tore it open with a beating heart. It read thus:

"My DARLING.—Look for me every day. This is the last word you shall have from me until we are face to face."

She watched as patiently as the unhappy Mariana in her mounted grange. When he came he would take her away from this horrible place, and they would be married, and she would never set eyes upon the scenes of her wretchedness again. She counted the very minutes.

But after many more tedious days the torture of delay grew unendurable. Spring had come, and all nature was lovely as it rose out of the winter's slumber. Nellie found no charm in it for her, but shuddered with disgust.

One beautiful afternoon she was sitting on the porch, melancholy and enervated, and John Mortimer, full of pity and affection, stood by her. Her little brother Frank was there, too, and, breaking a long silence, he said:

"Nellie, why are you always so cross?"

"Because I am tired to death! Oh, how I detest this dull place! I do wish something awful would happen—just to create an excitement and give us a change."

"Nothing very awful could happen hereabouts, Nellie," sighed John, ruefully, as if he would like to get up an earthquake, or something equally terrible, for her gratification.

"No," snapped the young lady; "we can't even have a railroad accident. The trains have been running by here

for ten years, and never yet have they failed to pass on time to the very minute. I do wish somebody would put something on the track and throw the next train off."

"Nellie!" cried John, much shocked. "She laughed and blushed, and perhaps regretted that silly speech, and penitently began to be more agreeable. She even offered to go into the parlor, and sing John's favorite ballad for him. He insisted eagerly, and presently was in the seventh heaven as he listened upon the old piano and listened to his darling's angelic music."

In the midst of one of Nellie's songs, she and her companion were both startled by the sudden and shrill scream of a locomotive whistle.

White, tremulous, and with beating hearts, they ran quickly out upon the porch. Suffering such anguish of light as people felt but once in lifetime, and without knowing for what reason, they instinctively glanced up the railroad track.

The train was smashing down the rails at a terrific speed. The whistle shrieked again. Directly in the path of the engine lay a huge rock, which had rolled down the embankment.

The next moment the pilot of the locomotive struck it, the train jumped from the line and zigzagged a little further, there was a terrible crash, the cars crowded together, forming a chaotic mass, cries and shrieks of agony went up, and for the first time in its history there had happened an accident on the A— railroad.

John Mortimer hurried quickly to the scene. From a cloud of steam and debris, where lay the shattered locomotive, a human being emerged—a man whose head had boiled upon his shoulders while he was yet alive!

It was the engineer, hideously scathed, frantic with agony, but, unhappily for him, not dead.

Others crawled from the wreck. Those who could set to work instantly to rescue such as were beyond the power of helping themselves. Some still breathed, but nearly all semblance to humanity was crushed out of them.

Among the rest, a man was pulled from beneath the ruins of a smoking car, and through his side a huge splinter had been driven like an arrow. It was Lionel Belmont.

Mr. Belmont was taken to Chestnut Farm, and he recovered consciousness. Nellie, distracted with grief, was at his bedside.

His first words were—"Send for my wife."

They thought him delirious, but it was not so. In this, his last hour, he told the truth, that he was a married man. He implored Nellie to forgive him.

"I loved and would have betrayed you, my poor girl, villain that I was," he gasped; "but I am fifty punished. Say that you forgive me, Nellie."

He died with that unavowed prayer upon his lips. Next day his beautiful young wife came and there could be no further doubt. She told the history of her own unhappiness—how heaven had bestowed upon Lionel Belmont every gift but that of a strong moral nature, and how that one defect blasted every blessing.

It was a long mystery how the rock had come to fall to the railway track, and never till he grew to manhood did Frank Tyrrell reveal the truth—that in the thoughtless mischief of childhood he himself had contrived to loosen and hurl it there that afternoon when his sister had so impatiently longed for a change—even for some horrible accident.

Nellie's nature was transformed. The dreadful escape she had made was a lesson never to be forgotten.

"Old friends," she sighed, "old places and old things are the best, after all; and she married faithful John Mortimer."

Never once since that event, has she wished for a change.

Intellectual Farming.
There is one thing more than another that puzzles the mind of the farmer, it is as to what he shall do to make money. If any new source of making money by farming were found, it would not be long before everybody would be going into it, and it would soon be overdone. So every farmer must fall back on first principles, see what his farm is best adapted to, taken in connection with the markets within reach, the cost of getting his productions to market, and then concentrate his energies and abilities on producing the best, so as to get it into market and obtain the highest prices.

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